THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

A FAMILY NEWSPAPER—NEUTRAL IN POLITICS—DEVOTED TO NEWS, LITERATURE, SCIENCE, MORALITY, AGRICULTURE, AND AMUSEMENT.

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Original Communications.

Written for the Saturday Evening Post.

The Third Week of Spring.

BY ——.

The joy conte more to me than come
To sport around some enchanted grove,
Bird of the azure wing!
Through, and from every bough to roam,
And little-none emgit to sing.

It's dazzle joy!—thy coming breathes
Of body inspiration and life,
Wreathed with there pleasant flowers,
And every where thy presence brings
To Spring time's blooming hours!

I welcome thee to this calm spot—
To every blossom sacred my cot,
That bursts with fleeth dew
To those bowed down whose heart keep dear
Or In Poesy's breast of blue!

Make somewhere heart thy place of rest!—
Build closely by the lowest cottot roof—
That I may feel that life
Hath sounds of Peace—brevity and blest—
Or it are not of earth!

Oh! where wert time, when Winter from
Each warp that now in brightness flows
Along the wedding cloth,
And pulled the Earth with blighting sweeps,
And wrapped her shadow in frost?

Wert time on come for distant shore
Where brighter skies were bending over
A warmer clime,
Where everlasting summers pour
Their sunshine 'tis month round.

Wert time where flowerets' rich and rare,
Flung fragrance on the Indian air?
Where the spicy Aromatic
On Colorado's prairies clear,
Or green Savannahas odor?

The next day I spent among the lays:
It those are general songs of praise
To time of power Above.
Fare more pleasing to me are the lays
From time of Youth and Love!

Bristol, 3rd month, 1841. ——.

Written for the Saturday Evening Post.

The Refugee.

A Tradition of Seventy-Six.

BY A SON OF NEW JERSEY.

If you desire, gentle reader, that I should tell you in few words the immensity of my sufferiorers, you must perceive me to be intelligent, of ordinary opinions, of sound wow, the thereof of my doleful history.—Don Quixote vol. I.

For Descriptive Sketches
Imported from bleeding sure to me.
Though bathed oft, to ever wow.—Byron.

The real and the ideal is classic ground.—

Scarcely any portion of her surface but has witnessed the struggles, or cried out against the sufferings of our revolutionary forefathers. The counties of Trenton, Princeton and Monmouth, besides a host of less important conflicts, bear testimony to the fierceness with which every inch of her ground was disputed, in the memorable struggle for our Independence. But it was not only in the history of regular warfare that she was distinguished. Perhaps a more bloody partizan strife was waged in no other colony, than the struggle which, for a series of years, was carried on in West New Jersey. From Mount Holly to the Capes, and from the Delaware to the Atlantic, the whole State was infested, except in rare spots, with a set of desperadoes who, calling to their aid the Tories and sometimes actual war, would ravage whole neighborhoods, and carry off to Sandy Hook or New York, all who were in fact but kind-hearted of the worst character. The deeds of these men still form the theme of many a fireside story among the older inhabitants; and I shall never forget the awe, with which I used to listen to them when a boy. They dashed upon their victims principally in the Morris River in the Western, and Mullica River in the Eastern waters of that section of the State. On the former river a party of some desperadoes long existed, carrying terror and bloodshed throughout the surrounding country, until they were finally captured by a set of young Whigs, who, disguising a sloop as a harmless wood-shallop, dropped down the river carelessly, and thus succeeded in inducing the Refugees to board them, when the whole company was destroyed. The good people of that section of the State, still tell of the prowess of "Big Jim Biggins," who, after discharging his pieces, did such execution with the butt end thereof, that it shattered to atoms the skull of more than one of the assailants; nor are they less silent, concerning the feats of the redoubtable Squire ——, of ——, who, armed with an unaccountable tremor, so soon as he met the hostile approach, jumped overboard and swam ashore, losing thereby a pondrous silver shoe-buckle, which, as "Big Jim Biggins," used to say, "was worth a dozen of him" round. To the last hour of his life, the valiant Squire was loth to hear any allusions made to that unexpected day—for what reason because he was the only fugitive from his party.

But I might consume a volume in recording the annals of the Refugees. The Mullica River they were equally successful, and quite as bloodthirsty. Robbery and often murder, attended them wherever they went, and, to the day, their names are held in equal horror and detestation among the inhabitants of the river. Many a bloody deed is told of them which posterity will scarcely credit. One of these traditions I have heard so often, that I can no longer resist the temptation to reduce it into writing.

The morning sun war just breaking over the low shores of Mullica river, when a solitary individual might be observed emerging at that point of land which goes by the name of Chesnut Neck, and which is the first solid ground you meet after leaving the bay. The individual in question might be on the look out for some one he expected, as he had stood for nearly half an hour in the same spot, directing his glance across the low marshes which interposed between him and the mouth of River. It was a solitary scene on which he gazed. Not a house, nor even a sail, was in sight, and the only objects that met the eye were the blackened skeletons of several merchant vessels which had been burnt to the water's edge, and which lay in a confused mass a little to the left of him. Occasionally the feathering breeze would curl the waters of the river into a thousand minute billows, or go whistling with a rattling sound in along the salt grass. The stranger began final-ly to show some signs of impatience, but just as he turned as if to go, a sail might have been seen across the salt meadows on the opposite shore, and directly a boat opened out of the reach below. In less than two minutes it had gained the Neck, and from an athletic man, springing to the land, grasped successively the hand of the stranger.

"We're here at last, Captain," said one of the men, "though rambling enough behind the time. But what's the news?"

Before we give the reply to this question let us state the connection between the two parties, and the cause of their meeting at this lonely spot.

Henry Wharton was a young Whig who had early engaged in the revolutionary struggle, as the captain of one of those small privateers which in the early years of the war did such damage to the British commerce along our coast. He had subsequently, however, been compelled to seattle his little craft when the enemy's men-of-war had, by lining the whole Jersey sea-board, prevented him from entering his country on the sea. He had not since been idle. His old crew—as brave a set of fellows as ever breathed —were always ready to second him in any enterprise which offered, and he was in general so much good; and their daring exploits were always the boast of the country around. Living about Burlington, he had become intimate with Bill Searl, and been coming at all to-night, he would have been here an hour ago. I wonder why he has not arrived.

This last remark, however, was said in an under tone, so that her companion might not hear it; for although Kate did not wish to alarm Alice, her own fears were by no means asleep. She was the affianced bride of Wharton, and never having known him to break a promise before, she felt certain that something of moment had occurred to detain him. Perhaps he was wounded, even dead. The whole field of conjecture was open before her, and her mind was tortured with a thousand uneasy doubts. Besides she had heard of the Refugees being in the vicinity, and she knew that they had whetherskeen before now. He no doubt headed the party who stole Brush's boat the other night; but if so he found his match."

"Ah! how now, Bill?"

"Brush knew that, as his boat was stolen in the night, the refugees would not carry her down the river until the following one. He planned his revenge accordingly. As the channel runs close under the shore at Stark Point, he felt confident, that, by taking up a portion there, he might, concealed among the bushes, pick off his men as cautiously as if he was aiming at a target. In order, however, to facilitate his escape he set a path through the undergrowth along the shore for a score of yards. When the boat appeared about midnight he was coolly awaiting them; and taking deliberate aim fired into the midst of her crew. Waiting to see that, at least, one of the refugees was killed, he darted away down his path with the swiftness of a deer, so that when they entered his ambush, as they did almost instantly, the balls were wasted among the deserted underwood. The assault so alarmed them, however, that they left the boat almost a quarter of a mile below, took to the swamps, and have not since been heard of. My object in sending Bill, you know, is to furnish him, as you know, we have a long account to settle with the rascals."

Their plans were soon laid, and for the present the group separated, the men returning to Rose rites, and their captain striking across the country in the direction of Mount Holly. It was night however, that an hour after noon they were all to rendezvous at the same place, fully armed and accoutred to set out on their perilous expedition. But for the purposes of our story we must now change our scene.

The evening shadows were stretching slowly up the valley, and the dew was more dampest from the neighboring trees, when two females might have been seen standing in the door way of a small farm-house which stood on the road, and within a short distance of the stream, from the sight of which, however, it was separated by a considerable tract of woodland. They were in conversation, and for that section of the country quite extensive. But it was obvious that the prospect which the door before them presented, the white barren soil which stretched around his mansion, and which, even had it been in a state of the highest possible cultivation, could have afforded but a sterile scene. Near, however, the forest were partially broken down, and whole fields were overgrown with rank mullens. Every thing around looked desolate. Within the house only, and in its immediate vicinity were perceptible any signs of care. The cause of the neglect is mostly accounted for in the absence of the proprietor, and most of the males of his family in the army.

Colonel Harwood had assumed a fortune before the war by the coasting trade, and, with a portion of his gains, erected this spacious structure. There too he had lived with his only daughter, a beautiful and high-spirited girl, until the breaking out of the revolution, and the consequent stoppage of commerce. At the first signal of war, however, he had exchanged the counting house for the camp, and, leaving his daughter in the charge of an uncle, who thenceforth took the management of the estate, he departed for the field. Since that period he had been absent, and the difficulty of procuring laborers had induced him, however, to leave orders that his farm should remain uncultivated except so far as might be necessary for the immediate wants of the family.

Our readers will by this time have fancied that one of the females standing in the door-way was the daughter of Colonel Harwood. They are right. It is the taller of the two—the dark-haired girl who, shading her eyes with her hand, is gazing down the road. In size not beautiful? Here is not the loveliness of the Venus, but rather the majestic beauty of a Juno. Her dark eyes; whose grief only deepens as she rotates to her last bale, and yet who would die if she could not dwell upon its image.

"Yes!" Alice would say to her own heart. "It cannot be that Henry Wharton should ever love me—he, "a poor delicate girl, whom every one regards rather as a child than as a woman. Ah! little do they know my heart. Kate! Kate!" she would continue, apostrophizing in imagination her friend, "you will be happy, for you well do you deserve it. I, alas! am destined only to grief. Well it is not wrong to love; and I cannot beat the thought from my heart. I will love married, and then!"—but here a flood of tears always overpowered the poor girl.

And these two beings, both beautiful of their kind, were not to their kindred now to gaze, as the clock struck nine. The last note of the old timepiece had scarcely ceased vibrating throughout the house, when the latter counter instantaneously arose to retire—for at that day the hour of repose was earlier than now—when the violent barking of a dog arrested their attention.

"Who can be coming?" said Kate, stopping, and listening eagerly, "surely not Henry, for Jowler never welcomes him thus."

"Hush! did you not hear a voice?" said Alice, her cheek turning ashy pale, "there—again—what can it be?" and she shrank to the side of Kate.

"It cannot be—you! it is—" said Miss Howard, "I hear strange voices, and they speak with oaths. Jowler is more violent than ever."

"It is not Rapsom!" gasped Alice.

Kate did not answer, but stepping boldly to the window, the chimney of which were thrown back, she looked without. The casement fronted the road, commanding a full view of the persons approaching. It was a bright moonlight, and Kate distinctly saw at least a half a dozen armed men, advancing rapidly up the little lane leading to the house. The foremost of the group was a tall, powerful individual, carrying a musket on his shoulder, and having a cutlass along at his side. The shaggy fur cap, huge sailor's overcoat, and gigantic stature of the man, at once convinced Miss Howard, that it could be no other than Bill Searl, the celebrated Refugee. Had she felt any doubt as to it, the conduct of his followers would have removed it. Pausing a few paces in front of the house, and yet within speaking distance of it, Kate overheard distinctly the following conversation. She, however, did not let us, as history had mind to put out the light, to avoid fire and violence; panel after panel was heard crashing in; while the shouts of the desperadoes betokened their hopes of speedy success. Kate turned from the prospect in despair. She saw that their attempt to pepetrate the refugees had only exasperated with their assailants. She felt that hope was no longer possible. Death—perhaps worse than death—was resorted for Alice and her; while by her resistance she had brought destruction upon the two innocent kids. At this instant another crash was heard below, and the door thrust violently on its hinges. Kate turned instinctly. Alice was just reviving from her swoon, and the younger of the two kids stood beside her weeping bitterly. The other boy, however, showed no sign of fear. Grasping a loaded musket in his hands, and approaching so near to Kate as he could get, he was endeavoring to obtain a glance at the affaire without.

"Miss Catharine," said he boldly, "come here, and give me your place. I am fitter than you to be in danger."

Kate turned quickly around on the little fellow to reply, amazed at his self-collectedness, and courage. But in so doing she exposed a portion of her round white arm to the aim of the refugee sentinel without. Quicker than thought was the flash of his piece, and in a moment the blood was trickling across her fair skin.

"You are wounded! Let me shoot the rascal before he can load again," exclaimed James manfully to the window—but Kate drew him back with her other arm, saying energetically,

"There is another on the look-out—you will be killed—it is only a trifle—see," and, snatching up a slight shawl, she wrapped it hastily around her arm, effectually stanching the blood. "And now our only hope is the head of the staircase. From thence we can fire on the refugees as they rush in through the doorway."

It was but a step from the chamber to the required position, and though Alice followed her cousin more dead than alive she would not consent to be separated from her. But the crisis had now come. Scarcely had Kate and her gallant supporter taken their stand on the first landing, when the hall door fell in with a tremendous crash, and the enraged refugees poured in. The little garrison fired, but their discharge appeared only to have wounded one or two of their assailants, and with a loud and brutal hurra the desperadoes dashed up the staircase.

"Kill the young scoundrel, but save the women. By ——, they shall rue in another way this night's work," roared the infuriated Sean as, pistol and cutlass in hand, he sprang upon his victim.

Kate saw that all was over. Flight or resistance were alike in vain, for Alice, clinging to her in the agony of terror with convulsive embrace, impeded every movement; and our heroine could never think of deserting her dependant cousin. But, leader of the refugees, Searl was already within a step or two of Kate, and levelling his pistol at her young supporter, Sean fired; but just as he pulled the trigger a convulsive movement on the part of Alice accidentally interposed her own form between the pistol and its victim, and she fell lodged in her bosom. Kate felt the warm life-blood of her cousin gushing upon her own hand, and, believing that her host had come, she bowed her head meekly to the stroke. At that instant a rifle-shot rang clear and sharp over all the tumult, and the leader of the refugees fell prostrate; while a voice, in which Kate recognized that of her lover, shouted in tones of thunder,

"Down with them—no quarter to the ruffians—"

In less than a minute it was finished; the refugees were overpowered; and Wharton himself had clasped Kate in his arms. But she could not long support the excitement. She fainted, and silently but carefully to the dying girl upon her bosom.

"A poor dear Alice," said Wharton, himself affected to tears, "and have they murdered you, God's curse be on the villains. But speak—you are not much hurt?"

The dying girl had seemed insensible, but at that loved voice she faintly opened her eyes and smiled. Wharton seized her hand and bedewed it with his tears. Alice seemed to speak; but it was in vain. She faintly pressed his hand, and as he laid her head upon his bosom, she looked up with an angelic smile from him to Kate, and then to him again, and murmuring faintly and broken-ly something whose meaning the lovers could not distinguish, died.

One tale is well nigh told. The explanation of the manner by which Wharton so opportunely arrived, will no doubt, however, be sought for by the reader. It may be told in a few words. He and his followers, having met according to their rendezvous, had proceeded up the river, with the intention of ferreting out the refugees, intelligence of whose whereabouts he had received but an hour before. According to promises it was his intention to take Mr. Howard's in his way; but his little room—they were all there. And Noll herself was there, and he—both laughing heartily as they had often done before—when he had got as far as this, Kit could go no further, but flung himself upon his poor bedstead and wept.

It was a long night, that evening as though it would have no end; but he slept too, and dreamed—always of being at liberty, and raving about, now with one person and now with another; but ever with a vague dread of being recalled to prison; not that prison, but one which was in itself a dim idea, not of a place, but of care and sorrow; of something oppressive and always present, and yet impossible to define. At last the morning dawned, and there was the jail itself—cold, black, and dreary, and very real indeed.

He was left to himself, however, and there was comfort in that. He had liberty to walk in a small paved yard at a certain hour, and listen from the turnkey, who came to unlock his cell and show him where to wash, that there was a regular time for rising every day, and that if any of his friends came to see him, he would be fetched down to the grate. When he had given him this information, and a tin porringer containing his breakfast, the man locked him up again, and went clattering along the stone passage, opening and shutting a great many other doors, and raising numberless loud echoes which resounded through the building for a long time, as if they were in prison too, and unable to get out.

This turnkey had given him to understand that he was lodged, like some few others in the jail, apart from the mass of prisoners; because he was supposed to be utterly depraved and irreclaimable, and had never occupied apartments in that manner before. Kit was thankful for the indulgence, and sat reading the church catechism very attentively (though he had known it by heart from a little child), until he heard the key in the lock, and the man entered again.

"Now then," he said, "come on."

"Where to, sir?" asked Kit.

The man contented himself by briefly replying "Western," and taking him by the arm in exactly the same manner as the constable had done the day before, led him through several winding ways and strong gates into a passage, where he found him at a grinding, and turned upon his heel. Beyond this grating, at the distance of about four or five feet, was another, exactly like it, a little child), until he heard the key in the lock, and the man entered again.

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"Where to, sir?" asked Kit.

"Western," replied the turnkey briefly.

"Western, sir?" asked Kit.

"Western, no!" said the man, "I'm a going to have it every day, he says. And so you will, if he says for it."

"My friend!" repeated Kit.

"You're all abroad, seemingly," returned the other man. "There's his letter. Take hold."

Kit did not know what he was locked up again, read as follows:

"Drink of this cup. You'll find there's a spell in it every drop. Quiet the ills of mortality. Talk of the cordial that sparkled for Helen! *Her* cup was a fiction, but this is reality (Barclay and Co's). If they ever send in a fat state, complain to the Governor. Yours E. B."

"E. S.!" said Kit, after some consideration. "It must be Mr. Richard Swiveller. Well, it's very kind of him, and I thank him heartily!"

CHAPTER THE SIXTY-SECOND.

A faint light, twinkling from the window of the smoking-house at Quilp's wharf, and looking inflamed and red through the night-fog, as though it suffered from it like an eye, forewarned Mr. Swosser, Dick, as he approached the wooden cabin with a cautious step, that the excellent proprietor, his esteemed client, was inside, and probably waiting with his accustomed patience and sweetness of temper the fulfilment of the appointment which now brought Mr. Brass within his fair domain.

Dick's treacherous place to pick one's steps in of a dark night," muttered Sampson, as he stumbled for the twentieth time over some stray timber, or fell into some hole, "I should just say screws the ground differently every day, on purpose to bruise and ruin one; unless his master does it with the view of keeping one's self on the alert. I hate to come to this place without Sally. She's more protection than a dozen men."

He paid this compliment to the scent of the absent charmer, Mr. Brass came to a halt; looking doubtfully toward the light, and ever his shoulders.

"What's he about, I wonder?" murmured the lawyer, standing on tiptoe and endeavoring to obtain a glimpse of what was passing inside, which at that distance of time and fathoms long, I suppose,—making himself more fury and furious, and beating his melee and munchersomes till they [illegible] So, single of Dick's master's back by myself, when his account's a pretty large one. I don't believe he'd mind throttling me, and stowing me away in the hold with Sally. Dick said as its strongest, as any more than he'd mind killing a rat—indeed I don't know whether he wouldn't consider it a pleasant joke. Hark! Now he's singing."

Mr. Quilp was certainly entertaining himself with vocal exercise, for he was rather a kind of chant than a song; being a monotonous repetition of one sentence in a very rapid manner, with a long stress upon the last word, much he swelled into a kind of [illegible] For did the burden of this performance bear any reference to love, or war, or wine, or loyalty, or any other, the standard topics of song, but to a subject and what set he remains or generally known in ballads: the words being these:—"The worthy magistrate, after remarking that the prisoner would find some difficulty in persuading a jury to believe his tale, committed him to take his trial at the approaching sessions; and cautioned the constancy-complainance to be entered into for the prose-a-cu-tion."

Every time he came to this concluding word, and took breath for the next verse, it grew upon it, Quilp burst into a shriek of laughter, and began again.

"He's dreadfully criminal," muttered Brass, after he had listened to two or three repetitions of the chant. "Horribly imprudent. I wish he was dumb. I wish he was dead. I wish he was Hang him," cried Brass, as the chant began again, "I wish he was dead."

Giving utterance to these friendly aspirations on behalf of his client, Mr. Sampson compared his face into its usual state of smoothness, and waiting until the shriek came again and was dying away, went up to the wooden house, and knocked at the door.

"Come in," cried the dwarf.

"How do you do this morning sir?" said Sampson, peeping in. "Ha ha ha! How do you do sir? Oh dear me, how very whimsical! Amazingly whimsical to be sure."

"What!" demanded Quilp. "What, Judas?"

"Judas!" cried Brass. "He has such extraordinary spirits! His humor is so extremely playful! Judas! Oh yes—dear me, how very good! Ha ha ha!"

All this time Sampson was rubbing his hands, and staring with ludicrous surprise and dismay, at a great, gaping, open-mouthed, staring head of some old ship, which was erected up against the wall in a corner near the stove, looking like a combination of figure-head and tailor's dummy. A mass of timber on its head, carved into the dim and distant semblance of a cocked hat, together with a superabundance of hair on the half breast and epaulettes on the shoulders, denoted that it was intended for the effigy of some famous admiral; but without those helps, any person might have supposed it the authentic portrait of a distinguished mermen, or great sea-monster.—Being originally much too large for the apartment which it was now employed to decorate, it had been worn short off at the waist. Even in this state it touched from floor to ceiling; and through it stretched with that ominously wide-awake aspect, and air of somewhat obtrusive pe-

Master Humphrey's Clock.

BY CHARLES DICKENS.

[Continued from our last.]

The world, however, was not in fault in Kit's case. But Kit was innocent, and knowing this, and feeling that his best friends deemed him guilty —that Mr. and Mrs. Garland would look upon him as a monster of ingratitude—that Mr. Abel would associate him with all that was bad and criminal—that the jesuy would consider himself forsaken—and even his own mother might perhaps yield to the strong appearances against him, and believe him to be the wretch he seemed —knowing and feeling all this, he experienced at first an agony of mind which no words can describe, and walked up and down the little cell in which he was locked up for the night, almost believing himself to be guilty.

Even when the violence of these emotions had in some degree subsided, and he was beginning to gain more calmness, there came into his mind a new thought, the anguish of which was scarcely less. The child—the bright star of the simple fellow's life—who always came back upon him like a beautiful dream,—who had made the poorest part of his existence, the happiest and best —who had ever been so gentle, and considerate, and good—if she were ever to hear of this, what would she think? As this idea occurred to him, the walls of the prison seemed to melt away, and the old place to reveal itself in their stead. He was wont to be on winter nights—the fireside, the little supper-table, the old man's hat and coat, and stick—the half-opened door, through which he could see Barbara's mother, and little Jacob. He thought only now and then of Barbara herself, but his whole mind was filled with the others, and he could go away as much more entitled that he was all comfortable."

What if she should find out Kit's mother bored forth, and of Barbara's mother, and of little Jacob. As to the baby, it was crowing and laughing with all its might—which was the only way in which the whole scene had been invented and got up for its particular satisfaction.

The turnkey looked in of his thought the to-morrow, came and rather out of the common way, but nevertheless he laid down his paper, and coming round to where Kit's mother stood, took the basket from her, and after inspecting its contents, handed it to Kit, and went back to his place. It may be easily conceived that the prisoner was not slow to commence his meal, but he set down upon the ground and ate as hard as he could, with every moment he put into his mouth, his mother sobbed and wept afresh, though with a softened grief that bespoke the satisfaction the sight afforded her.

While he was thus engaged, Kit made some anxious inquiries about his employers, and when they had expressed any opinion about him—but all he could learn was, that Mr. Abel had himself broken the intelligence to his mother with great kindness and delicacy late on the previous night, but had himself expressed no opinion of his innocence or guilt. Kit was on the point of answering contrary to such Barbara's mother shook Barbara, when the turnkey who had conducted him re-appeared, a second turnkey appeared behind his visitors, and the third turnkey with the newspaper cried: "Time's up!"—adding in the same breath: "Now for the next party," and then plunging deep into his newspaper again. Kit was taken off in as few minutes as a blessing from his mother, and a scream from little Jacob, ringing in his ears. As he was crossing the next court with the basket in his hand, under the guidance of his former conductor, another officer called to them to stop, and came up with a pint-pot of porter in his hand.

"This is Christopher Nubbles, isn't it, that come in last night for felony?" said the man.

His comrade replied that was the chicken in question.

"Then here's your beer," said the other man to Christopher, "What are you looking at? There ain't a discharge in it."

"I beg your pardon," said Kit. "Who sent it me?"

"Why, your friend," replied the man. "You're to have it every day, he says. And so you will, if he says for it."

"My friend!" repeated Kit.

"You're all abroad, seemingly," returned the other man. "There's his letter. Take hold."

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He paid this compliment to the scent of the absent charmer, Mr. Brass came to a halt; looking doubtfully toward the light, and ever his shoulders.

"What's he about, I wonder?" murmured the lawyer, standing on tiptoe and endeavoring to obtain a glimpse of what was passing inside, which at that distance of time and fathoms long, I suppose,—making himself more fury and furious, and beating his melee and munchersomes till they [illegible] So, single of Dick's master's back by myself, when his account's a pretty large one. I don't believe he'd mind throttling me, and stowing me away in the hold with Sally. Dick said as its strongest, as any more than he'd mind killing a rat—indeed I don't know whether he wouldn't consider it a pleasant joke. Hark! Now he's singing."

Mr. Quilp was certainly entertaining himself with vocal exercise, for he was rather a kind of chant than a song; being a monotonous repetition of one sentence in a very rapid manner, with a long stress upon the last word, much he swelled into a kind of [illegible] For did the burden of this performance bear any reference to love, or war, or wine, or loyalty, or any other, the standard topics of song, but to a subject and what set he remains or generally known in ballads: the words being these:—"The worthy magistrate, after remarking that the prisoner would find some difficulty in persuading a jury to believe his tale, committed him to take his trial at the approaching sessions; and cautioned the constancy-complainance to be entered into for the prose-a-cu-tion."

Every time he came to this concluding word, and took breath for the next verse, it grew upon it, Quilp burst into a shriek of laughter, and began again.

"He's dreadfully criminal," muttered Brass, after he had listened to two or three repetitions of the chant. "Horribly imprudent. I wish he was dumb. I wish he was dead. I wish he was Hang him," cried Brass, as the chant began again, "I wish he was dead."

Giving utterance to these friendly aspirations on behalf of his client, Mr. Sampson compared his face into its usual state of smoothness, and waiting until the shriek came again and was dying away, went up to the wooden house, and knocked at the door.

"Come in," cried the dwarf.

"How do you do this morning sir?" said Sampson, peeping in. "Ha ha ha! How do you do sir? Oh dear me, how very whimsical! Amazingly whimsical to be sure."

"What!" demanded Quilp. "What, Judas?"

"Judas!" cried Brass. "He has such extraordinary spirits! His humor is so extremely playful! Judas! Oh yes—dear me, how very good! Ha ha ha!"

All this time Sampson was rubbing his hands, and staring with ludicrous surprise and dismay, at a great, gaping, open-mouthed, staring head of some old ship, which was erected up against the wall in a corner near the stove, looking like a combination of figure-head and tailor's dummy. A mass of timber on its head, carved into the dim and distant semblance of a cocked hat, together with a superabundance of hair on the half breast and epaulettes on the shoulders, denoted that it was intended for the effigy of some famous admiral; but without those helps, any person might have supposed it the authentic portrait of a distinguished mermen, or great sea-monster.—Being originally much too large for the apartment which it was now employed to decorate, it had been worn short off at the waist. Even in this state it touched from floor to ceiling; and through it stretched with that ominously wide-awake aspect, and air of somewhat obtrusive pe-

Saturday Evening Post.

EDITED AND PUBLISHED BY
GEORGE R. GRAHAM & CO.

SATURDAY, MARCH 27, 1841.

REMOVAL.—The Office of the SATURDAY EVENING POST has been removed to the South West Corner of Chesnut and Third Street. The situation is in every respect superior to that of the old stand. We shall be happy to see the good-humored countenance of our subscribers at any time.

New Agent.

J. TOMLIN, Esq. P. M., at Jackson Tenn., has been appointed agent for the Saturday Evening Post and Graham's Magazine. Mr. Tomlin is a literary gentleman of some repute, and it gives us pleasure to rank him among our agents.

Hope On! Hope Ever.

Mrs. Howitt we think it is, who has written a book with the above title. The sentiment contains a dozen sermons. There is such a thing as "*the blues*," a sort of incipient hypochondriasm, which visits some people especially when they are inclined to be bilious as regularly as an old maiden aunt will come to tea. To all such we commend the motto of Mrs. Howitt. They will find it a panacea against every evil. If the crops fail, let them hope for better luck the next time; if a ship is lost at sea let them hope that the next arrival will bring in a profitable venture; if a neighbor becomes bankrupt, let them hope that he will eventually pay them; if your bank stock falls to within a trifle of nothing hope for a re-action; and, in short, whatever evil may beset you, "hope on, hope ever," or say, in the homely language of Jacob Faithful, "better luck next time."

We can always tell whether a man is sanguine or not by his very look. He is generally sleek and fat, while your poor rascals who are given to the "blues" are lean, lanthern-jawed, and cadaverous. We like a good *hoper*. They are your true philosophers after all. Come what may they never despond; the spring of life does not desert them; they always hope for a better fortune. Even the greatest misfortunes cannot dishearten such men. They hope to the last—"nil desperandum" is their motto even in death. We once knew a pattern of this class, who fell overboard at sea, and was rescued, but in a state of insensibility. After he recovered we asked him what he was thinking of up to the moment of losing all sense. "Faith," said he, "exactly of what happened—that you would fish me up again before I was quite dead."

Lord Bacon has somewhere said that "hope is a good breakfast, but a bad supper." Few men were wiser than the great chancellor, but even he has said foolish things. We do not find fault with his aphorism, for to a certain extent it is true. But Bacon was not a sanguine man, or he never would have penned that sentiment. Your real hoper never *sups* on hope. It is always his breakfast. If disappointed in one thing he tries another. He does not waste that time in mourning over the past, which might be better employed in providing for the future. Like Percy he takes for his motto "*Esperance*."

While it continues Hope is one of the most powerful passions of the soul. It gilds everything with its rays. It is the author of a large portion of our happiness, especially in youth. And who regrets in his old age that he hoped so much in his earlier life? Alas! the dreams of that portion of our existence are the sweetest spots in our memory. When Walcot was dying a friend asked him what he could do for him. "Give me back my youth," said the poet.

We hear, every day, complaints of the times. It is true they are bad, but then, the best of it is, they are too bad to last long thus. We defy them to get worse. But what is to be done? Shall we sit down and despond? Would that improve matters? No—let us rather hope. No matter what evil befalls one, he can always find some consolation, like the criminal who was going to be hanged, and who said "it was a great comfort to him to hear that his executioner did those sort of things genteelly."

U. S. Bank Case.

The case of the Commonwealth *ex relatione* G. F. Alberti, *versus* the President, Directors, and Company of the U. S. Bank, was decided in the Common Pleas on Monday last, by the unanimous opinion of the Court—the Judges declining to declare a forfeiture of the Charter, under the Resumption resolutions of April, 3rd, 1840. The intense interest which has been felt in this case, induces us to give a short summary of the views of the Court. The President, Judge King, assumed four positions, which we cannot better give than in his own words. He said,

"I shall *first* inquire, whether, according to any admissible construction of the Act incorporating the Bank of the United States, the Legislature have retained the same power to alter, or repeal its charter, which it is admitted to possess in reference to the Banks incorporated under the provisions of the general Banking Law. *Second*, whether, supposing in the grant of the charter of this Bank, no such power has been reserved, the Legislature can, consistently with the *Constitutions of the United States*, and of the State, modify this charter in *the manner proposed* by the Resolutions of April 3, 1840. *Third*, whether the assent of the corporation is essential to render the resolutions operative on this Bank; and if so, whether such assent must be proved or will be inferred by the Court. And, *lastly*, whether, according to the true construction of the resolutions, they can properly be regarded as embracing any Banks, other than those incorporated under the provisions of the Act of March, 1824, which being the law usually extended to all Banks created or continued since its date, I have termed the General Banking Law."

Under the first head the learned Judge observed, that all other Banks in the Commonwealth, except the Pennsylvania and Philadelphia Banks, were liable, under the Act of 1824 *incorporating them*, to have their charters removed or altered, whenever the Legislature thought them *injurious* to the public. There was no such provision, however, in the charter of the U. S. Bank, either plainly or impliedly expressed. On the contrary, the history of the incorporation showed, that an attempt to introduce such a provision into the charter failed, and that after numerous efforts made by the minority of the Legislature to that effect, the attempt was given up. He therefore was decided in his opinion, that the Legislature had reserved no right to annul the charter of the U. S. Bank, except in the way stipulated in the Act of Incorporation.

The second question also the Judge decided in the negative. In examining this point he first inquired whether a Bank charter was a contract, and secondly, *if so*, whether the resumption resolutions of 1840 altered or infringed that contract. Under the first of these subdivisions, the Judge cited the celebrated case of *Dartmouth College vs. Woodward*, decided in the Supreme Court of the U. S. and which has governed all the subsequent decisions on this point. There, a charter granted by George III. to Dartmouth College, was declared to be a contract, *and binding on the State of New Hampshire*. Many other cases of equal force were quoted. All doubt on this point ceased, the Judge continued, when the terms in which the charter was granted were taken into view—the words used expressing a consideration for the charter, and such a consideration being actually paid to the amount of five millions. Under the second subdivision, the Judge said, that the resumption resolutions, by *providing* a summary *method* to abrogate the charter in 10 days after refusing to pay out specie, whereas the Act of Incorporation allowed the Bank 3 months to redeem her notes in silver or gold, infringed on the vested rights of the stockholders, because it impaired their contract, and increased their penalties. Moreover, the resumption resolutions provided for the abrogation of Bank charters summarily, and by the decree of a Judge; whereas the old method of proceeding by *scire facias* gave to those institutions the trial by jury. He questions whether, in any case, a Bank could be deprived of this old common law privilege. He was certain the U. S. Bank was protected against the penalties of the resumption resolutions. To close this enquiry, he cited the case of the *State vs. The Tombeckbee Bank*, (1 Stewart's Reports 30,) decided in Alabama, in 1829, and which was so analagous, in all its important features to this case, that, had it been decided in the Supreme Courts of the U. States or *Pennsylvania*, he should have considered it binding on him. As it was, the case was of some influence. The resumption resolutions therefore, did not affect the U. S. Bank.

To his third query, the Judge replied, that the assent of the corporation was essential to any modification of the contract contained in the charter, and consequently necessary to make the resumption resolutions binding on the U. S. Bank. No evidence had been produced of such an assent. Nor could the court infer it. The stockholders had done nothing to imply any assent thereto.

The fourth and last enquiry was also answered in the negative. The legal construction of all statutes, is if possible to be such that it may not render them contradictory or unconstitutional.—To extend the resumption resolutions to the U. S. Bank would be to declare them unconstitutional. He would rather construe them differently, and thus save their legality. They did not consequently embrace that institution.

The Judge closed by expressing a hope that the case might be carried up to the Supreme Court, in order that the opinion of our highest judicatory might be known on so important a subject.

Our readers, from this brief digest, can draw their own conclusions. The case is one of mere law, and has no reference to party politics. It will form a landmark in jurisprudence.

The Court intimated that if the Bank was proceeded against, under the provision of the charter, they would, at the end of the ninety days, feel themselves bound to proceed to annul her charter as therein provided.

Extra Session of Congress.

It will be seen, by the following Proclamation, that the new Congress is to be assembled on the 31st of May.

BY THE PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA.

A PROCLAMATION.

Whereas sundry important and weighty matters, principally growing out of the condition of the revenue and finances of the country, appear to me to call for the consideration of Congress at an earlier day than its next annual session, and thus form an extraordinary occasion, such as renders necessary, in my judgment, the convention of the two Houses as soon as may be practicable, I do, therefore, by this my Proclamation, convene the two Houses of Congress, to meet in the Capitol at the city of Washington, on the last Monday, being the thirty-first, of May next. And I require the respective Senators and Representatives then and there to assemble, in order to receive such information respecting the state of the Union as may be given to them, and to devise and adopt such measures as the good of the country may seem to them, in the exercise of their wisdom and discretion, to require.

In testimony whereof, I have caused the seal of the United States to be hereunto affixed, and signed the same with my hand.

[L. S.] Done at the city of Washington, this seventeenth day of March, in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and forty-one, and of the independence of the United States the sixty-fifth.

W. H. HARRISON.

By the President:
DANIEL WEBSTER,
Secretary of State.

The United States Brig Dolphin, Capt. Bell.

The following is an extract from a letter of an officer on board the Dolphin, dated 28th February last, at Port Praya, Cape de Verde: "We sailed from New York under sealed orders, which were opened after our arrival at Cape de Verd Islands, when it was made known we were destined to the Rio Nunez, and ordered to ascend that river and there redress the wrongs done our commerce by some of the native kings, i. e. pirates, living on the banks of that river. In pursuance of these orders, with the U. S. schooner Grampus in company, we passed the territory of King Juloof, and after many difficulties and much risk from shoals and sand banks, reached Walkerid, in the dominion of the King of Scarah, a powerful prince, and the most noted pirate and robber in this part of the world. Some time since he plundered our vessels, and ill-treated our seamen, and it was to redress these wrongs that we now visited his capital.

The two vessels anchored off the *town* all in readiness to reduce it to ashes. At first his sable *majesty* treated us as if he did not fear our threats, but on second thoughts, he became extremely courteous, complied with all our demands, and rendered all the satisfaction required. Our mission ended, we lost no time in descending the river on our way to Sierra Leone."

Trial of Robinson.

The trial of Robinson for the murder of Mr. Suydam at New Brunswick, has occupied the attention of the Court there during the past week. The evidence, although wholly circumstantial, was of the strongest character. On Wednesday afternoon the case was closed, when Chief Justice Hornblower proceeded to deliver the charge, which occupied two hours and a quarter. The jury then retired, and in less than an hour brought in a verdict of "GUILTY OF MURDER IN THE FIRST DEGREE." On Thursday morning, sentence was pronounced upon the prisoner, to be hung in the jail yard at New Brunswick, on Friday morning the 16th of April, between 10 A. M. and 2 P. M. During the delivery of the sentence the judge was greatly agitated, and at its close shed tears. The prisoner, however, seemed not in the least affected. His demeanor is described as being stony and trifling in the last degree. The atrocity of the deed is only equalled by the callousness of the perpetrator.

Naval.

The U. S. sloops of war Yorktown, Capt. John H. Aulick, and Dale, Capt. Charles Gauntt, arrived at Rio de Janeiro, on the 25th of January, in 45 days from Norfolk, on their way to the Pacific Ocean. The frigate Constellation, Capt. Storer, from Boston, and the store ship Relief, Lieut. Com. John S. Nicholas, from New York, reached the same port on the 23d. The U. S. sloop of war Boston and the frigate Constitution were there awaiting the arrival of Com. Kearney. The U. S. sloop of war Marion is being repaired. The Decatur is at Buenos Ayres, and the Enterprise on a cruise.

A good Appointment.

It is rumored, that P. R. Freas, Esq. of Germantown, is, or is to be, the Marshall for the Eastern District. We hope that there is truth in this rumor, as no appointment could give more universal satisfaction, for, what is singular, the presses of both political parties are already praising the appointment, and we, without violating neutrality, must be allowed to hint, that no man better qualified to discharge the duties of the office satisfactorily could possibly be selected.

Harnden's Express.

We are indebted to Lawrence, of Harnden's express, for copies of Boston papers containing the foreign news. This express promises to be of vast utility to Philadelphia, and the gentlemanly deportment of the agent must secure it patronage. On the first of April a baggage car will be attached for the purpose of conveying packages.

Mrs. Gove's Lectures.

We call attention to the card of Mrs. Gove in our advertising columns. Mrs. Gove will give a lecture on the Circulation of the Blood and the Effects of Compression, at the Philadelphia Museum, on Monday evening next at seven o'clock.

Latest Foreign News.

Arrival of the Caledonia.

By Harnden's Express, we have received extras of the Boston papers of the 20th inst. announcing the arrival of the steam ship Caledonia at that place, via Halifax, from Liverpool, whence she sailed on the 4th of March. By this conveyance we have Liverpool papers to the 4th—London papers to the 3rd—and Havre papers to the 2nd inclusive.

We hasten to publish all the news of importance. The most startling intelligence is that of the loss of the American Packet Ship Governor Fenner, with 107 souls. As she was full of emigrants, we publish the names of the sufferers, in order that their friends in this country may know their melancholy fate.

The wreck of the Governor Fenner was fallen in with on the Sunday morning after the catastrophe, about sixteen miles to the westward of the Sherries. It had apparently, been split in two parts, and the stern was gone. The cargo, among which was a quantity of iron, had, doubtless, fallen out, and the hull, recovering its buoyancy, floated again. Two men were found in the rigging; they were quite dead, but did not appear to have been long so. A trunk was also found on board, its contents showed that it had belonged to McIntyre, a gardener, one of the passengers.

It has been stated, and if true, it is a remarkable fact, that some of the people on board the Nottingham, after the collision, and when the Governor Fenner's bowsprit was over the deck, thinking that the steamer was likely to sink, attempted to get on board the ship by getting on the bowsprit. The attempt did not fortunately succeed, from the difficulty of their making their way, and the failure was the means of saving their lives.

List of the Passengers and Crew.—The following list of persons on board the ship may be relied upon; and though the occupation of the "laborer" attaches to a large number, the passengers generally were superior in circumstances to the usual run of similarly numerous bodies of emigrants, many of them being respectable farmers and tradespeople, the name "laborer" being for the most part, technical, some designation being required by law:

Passengers.—William Toms, aged 40; Philip Duffy, 28; and James Taylor, 30; farmers. Benjamin Whitehead, aged 27; Patrick Gibney, 19; John Ashworth, 29; James Neddham, 33; Henry Ryal, 34; John Sinclair, 22; Patrick Halley, 36; David Boyd, 24; Bernard McEvoy, 23; Thomas Garside, 29; Emanuel Hague, 22; John France, 26; Robert Miller, 32; James Johnson, 50; John Criswell, 21; Stephen Kavanah, 35; John McElroy, 26; Gordon McElroy, 32; Patrick Doyle, 18; Patrick Egan, 26; William Corgan, 13; Henry Watts, 27; —— Quayle, 32; John Quayle, 20; Patrick McVeigh, 31; John McEvoy, 24; George Twells, 32; John Stokes, 22; John Reilly, 28; Joshua Schofield, 35; Edward Redmond, 30; Richard Faller, 24; Andrew Mercer, 23; John Kelly, 21; Patrick McNally, 26; Owen Finnalty, 30; William Fitzpatrick, 30; Philip Tully, 24; Dennis Brennan, 26; Michael Murphey, 28; John Maher, 23; Charles Feeny, 27; John Ryan, 28; James Dolan, 22; Patrick Burke, 30; George Burgess, 35; Abram Wilkinson, 30; John McIntyre, 30; John Kelly, 30; and Patrick McAvoy, 24, laborers. Michael McCormick, 35; and Henry Wood; Mrs. Ryal, 30, and infant; Elizabeth Ryal, 6; Mrs. Halley, 30, and infant; Mrs. Boyd, 21; Mrs. Milley, 26; Ellen Quayle, 17; Jane Quayle, 16; Mary Anne Quayle, 15; Mary McVeigh, 20; Mrs. Redmond, 40, and infant; Joseph Redmond, 4; Mrs. McNally, 22; Mary Tinman, 26, spinster; Mrs. Fitzpatrick, 28, and infant; James Fitzpatrick, 4; Jane Fitzpatrick, 50; Mary Tully, 20; Catharine Grandy, 24, and infant; Margaret Feeney, 21; Sarah Ryan, 16; and Mrs. McIntyre, 26. Altogether 55 male adults and three children; 18 female adults and child, and four infants. Total 81.

Crew.—William Shilstone, second mate, of Bristol; Caleb Brazier, cook, William Reid, John Smith, John Webb, Frederick Selfeld, John Monroe (the second mate of the Belvidere), William Collins, John Smith, David Pidgeon, George Duncan Clark, and John Davies, seamen.

There were also several other passengers, making it is said, 107 in all. The greater number were Irish. The Governor Fenner was a ten year old ship, built at New York, and recently repaired at Liverpool, and strengthened, at an expenditure of $6000, with a number of iron knees. She was about 500 tons burden, and was considered in every respect one of the best and most seaworthy of the vessels of her class.

The following is the account given by Mr. Carter, the mate of the Gov. Fenner, of the collision:

"About five minutes past two o'clock, on Saturday morning, we saw the lights of a steamboat. It was my watch on deck, and I immediately called the captain. The steamboat came up about a point and a half on our weather-bow, we having at the time our larboard tacks on board. We thought she was coming on head to us. We had no light but that of the binnacle, on the quarter-deck; and, I believe, it is not considered necessary or prudent for sailing vessels, clear of the land, to carry a light. We waited as much as five or six minutes to find out what way the steamer was really coming, and then the captain ordered the man at the wheel to put the helm hard a-port, so as to give her a clear berth.

If the steamboat had done the same, we should have gone clear of each other a long way—perhaps a mile. The Captain, as soon as he ordered the wheel to be put up, went forward to look out. I then looked over the larboard side, abaft the main rigging and saw the whole bulk of the steamer. I said to the man at the helm, "She is on board of us." This was about a quarter past two o'clock. The vessels came in contact, notwithstanding our ship was paying off. When the crash took place, I heard the Captain call out several times, "For God's sake, save yourselves, the ship is sinking." The jibboom of the ship struck the funnel of the steamer, and her bowsprit afterwards rested on her. On the third surge she gave, I believe, down she went, bow foremost. The taffrail was the last thing we saw of her. She filled very quickly. She had on board a heavy cargo, including a quantity of iron and other heavy goods. The watch on the deck at the time consisted of seven men, the captain and myself. All the others on board were asleep below.

The captain also sang out to the man at the helm to relieve the wheel. He was formerly mate of the Belvidere, and came on board to work his passage to America, and we intended to make him second mate of the ship next day. All the men, at first, went forward with me to the Captain, who was standing between the night heads, but they afterwards went aft, as the ship sunk, to be, as I suppose on the higher part of her hull.—I stood some time, attempted to go aft, with a view to save my wife and others, by lowering a boat. She, however, sunk so fast that I was obliged to give up the idea in despair. I left the Captain and went to the starboard side.

I stood there a few seconds, till the water was, perhaps, two feet deep, as far aft as the mainmast, and was fast gathering still further aft, her head being then nearly under. I scarcely know what afterwards occurred. I got up, somehow, into the fore rigging, and thence to the larboard foreyards, which then crossed the steamer. When the ship sunk so far that I was from six to eight feet of the steamer's deck, I let go, and dropped down among some sheep. I lay sometime rather confused, and did not attempt to rise, as I thought I might become untangled with a rope which passed over my shoulders, and, as I thought, was part of the bowsprit running-rigging of the ship. I then got up.

The cry on board the steamer was that she was sinking; and, I believe, a passenger on board lowered the boat left on the davits, on the larboard side, but she unhooked from the tackles when she touched the water, and, the painter not being fast, she drifted away from the vessel. All the lights they could muster in the steamer were lighted for some time. The engineers and others went below, and found that though she was leaky they could keep her free. She had her fore and aft sails and fore top sail set at the same time.—I was on board about three quarters of an hour before I found that the captain of the ship was there. I had seen my wife, who was a little seasick, about twenty minutes before in her berth, and gave her a drink.

The Captain, when I first saw him in the steamer, was without his hat, and on seeing him (informant) he said. "Good God, is this you! is there any of the crew saved?" I said, "I do not know; I did not know what became of you after I missed you off the ship's bow." Her hull was under water before I got off. The foreyard, from which I dropped, was broken on the steamer as she was going down, and also, I believe, the topsail yard, as our foretopmast studdingsail boom, which was rigged out at the same time, (the wind having been for some time fair in the evening,) was left on the steamer's deck. I afterwards looked, but could see nothing of the ship or her masts. The last time I observed the watch on deck, they were on the starboard side of the quarter deck. One man sung out, "For God Almighty's sake save me!" I did not hear the others. I had a quantity of my wife's and my own clothing and other articles on board worth about £50. All were lost.

Turkey, Egypt, and Syria.

The Levant mail arrived in London on the 3d inst. with intelligence from Turkey, Egypt, and Syria, but the news is of little importance.

The dates from Constantinople are to the 8th ult. On the 4th a conference was held at the Ministry of Foreign Affairs, between the Ambassadors of the four Allied Powers and Redschid Pasha, who had entirely recovered from his late illness. Nothing had transpired respecting the object.

The Sublime Porte announced on the 4th, in a proclamation, the conclusion of the Egyptian question.

The Sultan expressed to Masloom Bey his satisfaction at the manner in which he had conducted the negotiations with Mehemet Ali.

The whole Ottoman fleet had reached the Bay of Marmorice, and on the 5th a portion of it set sail for Constantinople. The rest was to have followed in a day or two.

Advices from Alexandria are to the 7th ult.—Ibrahim Pasha was expected at Alexandria or at Damietta, to ascend the Nile on the 8th or 9th ult.

The Plague still continued at Alexandria and Rosetta.

The Turkish forces under General Jochmus were at Jaffa, and all attempts to interfere with the retreating army had been relinquished. Up to that moment, however, preparations for an attack had been preserved in; for on the same day, 2d ult. letters arrived at Alexandria from Beyrout by the Emmetic packet, (three days en route,) stating that they were shipping cannons there for the attack on Gaza.

U. S. Bank.

The news of the suspension of specie payments by the United States and other Banks, had been received in England. The effect was not so disastrous as had been expected—but time enough had not elapsed to test its results. As far as known, however, the depression of American securities was great—United States Bank being quoted at low and merely nominal prices.

The bills drawn by the United States Bank on the house of Morrison & Co. had been accepted. One difficulty therefore, that had been anticipated, seems to be removed.

No news had been received overland, either from India or China. We have therefore, no later dates from the East, than have been already published.

Lord Cardigan had been tried in the House of Lords, on accusations arising out of his duel with Capt. Reynolds, and acquitted. The occasion was one of imposing solemnity. A portion of the public seemed to be much dissatisfied with the result.

The general aspect of European affairs was pacific—but it was said that England and the Allied Powers intended to remonstrate against the warlike demonstrations of France.

The Caroline Affair.

We have contradictory accounts in relation to public opinion in England as to the Caroline affair.

We have just seen a paper, however, containing Parlimentary Debates, in one of which we observe that Lord John Russell said, in reply to a question from Sir J. Graham, that the pension to be granted for Lieut. McCormick, was recommended for wounds received in the "cutting-out" of the Caroline.

It was rumored in Paris, that the French Government had offered to mediate between England and the United States, in relation to the McLeod affair.

War Movement in France.

In the Chamber of Peers, Marshal Soult had presented a bill for the levy of 80,000 men; and for increasing the term from 7 to 8 years. The deputies had already adopted the measure.

An animated debate had taken place in the Chamber of Deputies, on a proposition to vote a large sum for secret service money. The result was favorable to the Ministry by a large majority.

All was quiet in France. The Ministry had majorities in both Houses, and all Home questions were in a fair way of settlement.

Portugal.

All the recent military demonstrations consequent upon the anticipated rupture with Spain, have been annulled, and the projected works of defence discontinued; the government has directed its attention to the measure, which has long been a favorite one, of dissolving the national guard, and reconstructing it on the principle of the old militia.

The Portuguese Government is sadly in want of funds for domestic purposes, and the financial affairs of the country are described generally as presenting a very gloomy appearance.

Destruction of Wynyard House.

On the night of the 26th ult. the splendid mansion of the Marquis of Londonderry, near Stockton-upon-Tees, was destroyed by fire, supposed to have originated in the overheated flues of the conservatory. The loss is stated to be between £300,000 and £400,000. The Marquis is *en route* to Italy from Malta and Turkey. The house had been left in the charge of his servants.

Holland and Belgium.

New Belgian Loan.—M. M. Rothschild, brothers, of Paris, have just concluded the details of the new Belgian loan, amounting to 83,000,000 in capital, and 90,000,000 in securities.

The immense work of cutting a channel in the sea from Nieumedeep to Amsterdam, has been completed in spite of great difficulties.

From Spain.

The Madrid dates are to the 21st ult. The Government had concentrated a large force in the neighborhood of Vittoria, which threatened to arrest the Alcalde and Deputy General of the Province, should they refuse to instal a Judge appointed by the Regency.

Greece.

It is stated that the finances of the kingdom of Greece were becoming daily more prosperous—that there were upwards of 3,000,000 drachmas in the treasury, and that 1,000,000 francs had been lately forwarded to France to pay the interest of the loan.

The British Navy.

Lord Palmerston, in the course of a debate on the British Navy, said that it was necessary for England to keep up her navy, if it were only to make peace permanent. This hint should not be lost in this country.

West India Steam Packets.

The first of those steamers intended to carry the Mail between Great Britain and the West India Islands was lately launched at Greenock. Her tonnage is 1800.

Burned to Death.

Two hundred and forty-five children have been burnt to death during the past year in the city of Westminister, and the eastern division of Middlesex.

Her Majesty.

The Globe (Ministerial paper) announces that her Majesty is again in an "interesting situation," at once exciting the hopes and sympathies of the nation.

New Publications.

NOTES ON THE UNITED STATES OF NORTH AMERICA DURING A PHRENOLOGICAL TOUR IN 1838–9 and 40—*by George Combe—2 vols.—Carey & Hart.*—This is a journal, kept by the well-known phrenologist Combe, during his visit to this country. It contains much valuable information, and discusses many questions of moral, political and scientific interest, with considerable freedom. Mr. Combe is one of the most profound thinkers of the day, and does not put pen to paper without much previous cogitation. Even he, however, is not wholly free from the prejudices of birth and education, although as a liberal writer upon the United States, he is not excelled even by Hamilton or Murray.

Let it not be supposed that this publication is wholly devoted to phrenological science. It is far from it. The greatest enemies of craniology will be as much interested in the book, as the warmest friends of that science. There is, in fact, very little, comparatively speaking, of the author's hobby in the work, although there is sufficient on that subject to make the publication valuable to his disciples. The book, however, is chiefly devoted to a description of the impressions made on the author by the manners, and laws of the American people. He seems, indeed to have gained a pretty clear insight into our institutions. We would instance his remarks on the Harrisburg riots as a proof of this. On the whole a more readable, and at the same time, instructive book, has not appeared this season. Every one must be curious to learn what a mind like that of Combe thinks of our country.

NEW BOOKS.—We understand that Messrs. Lea & Blanchard, have in press, a choice selection of American and English Works, among which are the following:—

Lives of the Queens of England, by Agnes Strickland, a beautiful edition, in three volumes, royal 12mo; Aldo, the British Captive, by Miss Strickland; The Dowager, a novel, by Mrs. Gore; Characteristics of Goethe, translated and arranged by Miss Austin; The Queen of Flowers of Memoirs of the Rose, with colored plates; The Ninth Bridgewater Treatise, by Babbage, 1vol 8vo; Greville, a novel, by Mrs. Gore; Carleton, a tale of the Revolution, by an American, 2vs 12mo; Colin Clink, complete, in 2vs 12mo; The History of a Flirt, a novel, 2vs 12mo; A Treatise on the Human Teeth, with plates, by Robertson; A Treatise on Midwifery, by Dr. Rigby; A Manual of Medical Jurisprudence, by Dr. Griffith, in 1vol 8vo; The Principles and Practice of Medicine, by Professor Dunglison; Ramsbotham's Plates, illustrative of the Principles and Practice of Obstetric Medicine and Surgery, in super royal 8vo; The Red Spur of Ramapo, by the author of Greyslaer; Beauchampe, a Romance, by the author of Richard Hurdis, &c.; The Siege of Florence, a Romance; The Letters of Horace Walpole, a new edition; The Speeches of Lord Brougham, complete; The History of Ireland, by Thomas Moore, complete in 1vol; The Poetical Works of Moore, a fine edition, to match Scott, Hemans, &c.

THE QUADROONE, OR ST. MICHAEL'S DAY—*A Novel—by the Author of Lafitte, &c.—2 vols.—Harper & Brothers.*—This is the age for light reading. Novels, romances, and tales are the order of the day. From the scholar to the sophomore, all are engaged in the manufacture of fictitious works of more or less value, according to the talents, taste, or information of the writer.—The press teems with such productions, although [illegible]

...ver for the Season.
...have been recently appointed, com-
...ed, lined with rose-colored ruche,
...ength sentiment their vogue;
...ize of light or dark gray is
...n color, and lilac. There is a
...ge, though some are adorned with
...with sprigs of lilac or helio-

...ds—Cashmeres are worn in re-
...here has formerly been a par-
...as well as their introduction
...not wonder at the preference

...—Pegnoirs here lost nothing
...he materials for them are cash-
...y lining, and finished. The ex-
...ent, without being very dark
...and wadded, plaited behind,
...in front; they are trimmed in
...her with velvet, pelerine, or gu-
...sleeves are demi-large to the
...ished by a band; we have seen
...very fine, with sleeves quite
...are always open in front, and the
...of muslin or cambric, in trim
...ribbon.

...—Velvet is in the greatest vogue
...fashionable at this season of the
...ed, black, and violet. Among
...of azure blue, trimmed with
...flounce, looped in festoons by
...a demi-wreath placed on each
...of a small size, and diminish-
...he extremities of the half wreath.
...ed with a variety of different colors,
...two deep falls of English point
...ablier; they are headed with a
...gold or silver ribbon, streaking
...ery brilliant; it increases in ef-
...ile, to which a knot of ribbon w
...velvet dresses, particularly those
...ed with fur. Some of the most
...colored satin petticoats; the lat-
...ith a deep flounce of point lace.
...robe is made a la Chantilly,
...a band of ermine divided on
...round of the robe is encircled
...ed of the same; nearly a
...most remarkable articles are
...called Algerine; the pins have
...ed diamonds, gold, or color-
...ch small
...either pearls or small diamonds,
...the head of the pin; the bracelets
...latter in the shape of a serpent,
...celets have a pretty, and, we
...rtish effect, because from their
...ed every interval of the arm,
...it.

...ose of Copying Notices.
...ntroment, exercised in M. Collas,
...d in France, which professes to
...assistance of an artist, and with
...use, say social, but relief, which-
...ing them in the hands of the reader
...was made the subject of a notice by
...Mr. Barnley, from the Committee of Inspection,
...reported a bill for the appointment of Coal and Iron
...Companies in this commonwealth.
...Mr. Chalfant, of Byers and Mr. Myers and
...Mouse, reported a bill to abolish the present
...Sills and Mercer Mitchell.
...The bill providing for the election of Deputy At-
...torneys General, was taken up and passed finally on
...second reading. A motion was made by Mr. Brown
...to strike out the enacting clause of the bill, which on
...the Whole yesterday, which excepts the Attorney
...General in the city of Philadelphia, was lost.
...No final action was had upon the bill.
...The Committee of Ways and Means to the bill for
...the relief of contractors on the Portsmouth, Great Bend
...were discharged from its further consideration.
...present without definite action.
...Conformably to the resolution of Joseph Keller as
...Associate Judge for the county of Monroe, was unani-
...mously confirmed finally.
...Received.—The commission of Jacob Grub for As-
...sociate Judge for the county of Bedford.
...read—ayes 12, nays 10.
...House.—Mr. Brown of Mr. Law the Judiciary were
...instructed to enquire into the expediency of providing
...further for bringing suits against delinquent and de-
...faulting collectors of unseated Lands.
...The Bill to extend the Supplement to Penitentiarian
...for recording election returns, was lost on second
...reading. Ayes 38 nays 41.

...HARRISBURG, March 18, 1841.
...The Bank bill was taken up in order, and the
...senate since of the whole without amendment. It as-
...thorizes the issue of small notes as small as one dol-
...lars, and repeals all the penalties incurred by the
...Banks for refusing to pay specie for their liabilities.
...The bill to incorporate the Lawrence County Bank
...passed second reading, by a vote of 17 ayes against 9
...nays from the Bank of $50,000 for its charter.

...HARRISBURG, March 19, 1841.
...Immediately after the reading of the journal, after
...that the vote was taken on the 1st section of the bill
...Mr. Hopkinson's and it was decided by a vote of
...of 17 ayes to 16 nays.
...Messrs. Brown and Dilworth who had voted in the
...negative the former having since moved to reconsider
...the vote just given, but the motion was lost by a
...casting vote of 16 to 17.
...The Senate were discussing all day Mr. Speck-
...ney's bill to repeal the Bank Tax, when it was
...made in the decade, and a few of Mr. Hoschman's
...bill's provisions incorporated into it, after which
...the bill passed second reading.

...HARRISBURG, March 20, 1841.
...Senate.—Mr Sterigere presented a petition in op-
...der, and passed final reading. Yeas 16, nays 14. Mr
...Smith, of Berks, voted in the affirmative.
...Mr. Fleming introduced a bill for the regulation of
...the militia of the County of Lancaster.
...Lancaster County Bank.—The bill incorporating
...the institution passed finally by a vote of 17 ayes to
...9 nays. Yeas 12, nays 17.
...House.—Messrs. Brown, Cox, and Penniman each
...gave notice of their intention severally to bring on a
...Supplement.—The bill allowing certain contractors to
...run the Connecticut and Delaware canals was taken up
...was negatived. Yeas 42, nays 44.
...Mr. Hamilton's bill to incorporate the
...Lancaster and Cumberland Railroad Company was taken
...up in order, when the question recurred on the 3rd
...Section.
...Mr. Armstrong, the whole bill was withdrawn
...and the following substituted, which incorporates the
...Lancaster and Cumberland, and thus enacted, the bill
...passed second reading, and was ordered to be engrossed
...Mr. Myers moved to strike out the materials and insert the engrossed bill. Not agreed to—ayes 41, nays 45.
...The Lancaster and Cumberland bill then passed final reading by a vote of 47 ayes to 39 nays.
...Mr. Myers's bill for the regulation of the
...executioners and the creation of revenue, passed final reading and was sent to the Senate. It imposes the first grade of auctioneers as hereinafter, license $2,000, with the proviso that such shall not exercise in other counties, requires the second class to pay $1,000, and allows them to sell goods at private sale of considerable value, bonds, indigo, groceries, liquors, dry goods and wearing apparel; the third class $500, and the fourth with the exception of wearing apparel, but it was not agreed to. Yeas 52, nays 36. Mr. Myers moved to reconsider, but it was negatived. Yeas 42, nays 44.
...Mr. Hamilton's bill to incorporate the
...Lancaster and Cumberland Railroad Company was taken up in order, when the question recurred on the 3rd Section.
...Mr. Armstrong, the whole bill was withdrawn and the following substituted, which incorporates the Lancaster and Cumberland, and thus enacted, the bill passed second reading, and was ordered to be engrossed to enable it to act the materials and insert the engrossed bill. Not agreed to—ayes 41, nays 45.
...The Lancaster and Cumberland bill then passed final reading by a vote of 47 ayes to 39 nays.
...Mr. Myers's bill for the regulation of the
...executioners and the creation of revenue, passed final reading and was sent to the Senate. It imposes the first grade of auctioneers as hereinafter, license $2,000, with the proviso that such shall not exercise in other counties, requires the second class to pay $1,000, and allows them to sell goods at private sale of considerable value, bonds, indigo, groceries, liquors, dry goods and wearing apparel; the third class $500, and the fourth with the exception of wearing apparel, but it was not agreed to. Yeas 52, nays 36. Mr. Myers moved to reconsider, but it was negatived. Yeas 42, nays 44.

...Senate.—The bill to incorporate the Northampton Bank passed final reading, (yeas 30, nays 2.)

Political Intelligence.

...Appointments and Promotions *by the President, by and with the advice and consent of the Senate*—George Loyall, to be Navy Agent for the port of Norfolk, Va.—reappointed. John P. Heiny, to be Navy Agent for the port of Savannah, Georgia—re-appointed. Thomas Hayes, to be Navy Agent for the port of Philadelphia, in place of Michael W. Ash, resigned. *Promotions.*—Commander W. A. Spencer, to be a Captain in the Navy from the 21st January, 1841. Lieutenant William L. Maury, to be a Lieutenant in the Navy from the 26th February, 1841.

...Appointments by the President.—Robert C. Cornell, of New York, to be Receiver General of Public Money at New York, in the place of Stephen Allen, removed. Samuel Frothingham, of Boston, to be Collector of Customs for the district of Boston, in the place of Isaac Hull, removed. Charles B. Penrose, of Pennsylvania, to be Solicitor of the Treasury, in the place of Matthew Birchard, removed. John Williamson, of Pennsylvania, to be Recorder of the General Land Office, in the place of Hudson M. Garland, removed. Solomon Van Rensselaer, to be Deputy Postmaster at Albany; Robert C. Weimore, to be Navy Agent for the port of Mobile, in place of John M. Livingston, Jr., removed.

Naval Officers.—Isaac P. Davis, at Boston, Mass., vice Isaac O. Barnes, removed. Edward Curtis, Collector of New York, vice *J. J. Morgan*, removed. William Hunter, Surveyor of New York, vice Jas. Moore, removed. Thomas Lord, Naval Officer, New York, vice William B. Cox, removed.

...New York and Virginia.—*Resignation of Governor of Virginia.*—The message and documents from the Manufacturing Company. (The Bill was rejected.) The bill to incorporate the American Society School Union—amended and committed. The bill was negatived on third reading, by a vote of 22 yeas, to 49 nays.

City News.

...Coroner's Inquest.—An inquest was held by the Coroner on Thursday afternoon at the Northern Liberties watch-house upon the body of a man, unknown, who died on the 17th inst. in a shed in Laurel street, or after two o'clock lying in the snow near the corner of Brown and St. John streets, quite insensible, and brought to the watch-house, where he was found a few shortly afterwards. The jury rendered a verdict of death by the visitation of God.

...Sudden Death.—Yesterday morning, about half-past six o'clock in the large steam saw mill, on the east side of Franklin and Penn squares, owned by Messrs. Hill & Sharpless, a man on board in attempting to draw a bucket of water, fell into the river, and must have drowned, but for Mr. Thomas Hill, the partner, who had proceeded to be in the stream in a bateau at the time, went to his assistance and rescued him. The man was insensible when he was conducted ashore.

...Fire.—A fire broke out on Tuesday evening, about half-past six o'clock in the large steam saw mill, owned by Franklin and Penn squares, opposite the Spring Mill Works. The building, which was frame, was with the machinery, &c., entirely destroyed. It was occupied by Robertson & Gilmore for the manufactory of brush blocks. The loss must be heavy.

...Business Reviving.—On Tuesday last our ports exhibited quite a lively appearance. Upwards of four hundred carts were arrived here, bringing down several ars of a large class. Outward freights, in the coasting trade are abundant, and prices good, and in fact, business as far as commerce is concerned, wears a decidedly improved appearance.

...Renewal of the Route.—Hostilities against the Philadelphia and Trenton Railroad Company have been renewed by the citizens of Kensington on Monday last, when a large and indignant crowd met to put a stop to rails along Frankford road. One of the rioters had an arm fractured.

...The Sacrament of Christ Rejected," together with one of the large pictures of that period, have been painted for St. Gorge's Chapel, Windsor, entitled, "Paul and Barnabas at Lystra" are to be exhibited shortly at Independence Hall.

...Silver Plate Stolen.—Information was lodged at the Police Office on Tuesday of a heavy loss of Silver Plate, by the dwelling house was being forcibly entered on Monday night and robbed.

...The Government Steamer.—The shafts, &c. of the Government Steamer Missouri, at Cold Spring on Hudson, arrived on Monday from New York by the Camden and Amboy Railroad.

...A Warning.—An individual named Hatmer, was arrested by Robertson & Gilmore for the murder, on Sunday night, of a pocket wallet, containing a large amount of money in notes.

Financial Record.

...Sales of Stocks.
By the Philadelphia Board of Brokers, for the week ending Thursday.

	price sold for.
1575 shares United States Bank,	Held 1 8 100
50 do. Girard Bank,	27 1/2@28
200 do. Phil. Wil & Balt. R.R.	29@30
150 do. Schuylkill Bank & Nav. Co.	99
50 do. Pa. & Mor. Bank	42
100 do. Susquehanna Canal Co.	42
50 do. Agricultural Bank	99
50 do. Shenandoah R.R.	70 100
5 do. Philadelphia Bank	70
5 do. North America Bank,	120 400

Cumberland Bank, Bridgeton, N. J.—Is better It is dated June 8, 1840; paper dark, marginal engraving &c.—*Rock Together.*

...Appropriations by Congress.—The total amount of appropriations for all purposes, made during the late session of Congress, was as follows:—Civil and miscellaneous, $5,117,079 29; Indian and Pensions, 2,926,337; fortifications, $85,500; military services, 1854,941; Revolutionary and other pensions, 1,014,130; Indian treaties, 1,000,000; &c., 1,000,968. Private, 10,000 66; Total, $23,191,506 91.

...The Missing Mails.—The mails lost in the Ocean during the past winter on the great southern and south-western mails, and the New York dates warn of the 3d, 5th and 6th inst. This will be a severe loss to the publishers of the metropolitan. The foreign news by the fastest was in the mail.

...Auction Duties.—For the quarter ending March 20, 1841—J. B. Myers, $6,743 43; S. D. Thomas, $3,000; S. & N. Dawson, $2,650 70; C. C. Mackey, $650 69; J. Rogers, $737 92; S. Sebastian, $34 61; C. J. Wagner, $50 30; J. Poulterer, $41 31; H. Nathans, $20 21. *Let's Intice.* $7 30.

...Post Office Robbery.—The Richmond (Va.) Republican says that the post office at Petersburg, kept by John W. Stevens, has been detected in plundering the Post Office at that place. He was caught with with the goods in his possession, and committed.

...Forgery in Persia.—The Christians are not alone in the crime. At Teheran, the Deputy Minister for Foreign Affairs has been found guilty of forgery. The Shah has spared his life, but him bastinadoed and fined him $70,000.

...Great Fortune.—The Caledonian brought $5,000 letters, which a 3,000 more than was ever before received at that port by one vessel. The postage on them in New York alone amounted to $12,000.

...The Penny Postage in Great Britain, which it was apprehended would not pay its expenses, has yielded over $1,000 per annum in the first year of its experiment.

...The Southern Mail, as still among the missing—the last mail from this route was from N. Orleans and Mobile. The latest dates from New Orleans are to the 5th inst.

...Bank of Georgia Suspended.—We learn from Savannah that it was reported there that the banks of Columbus had all suspended specie.

...Retrenchment.—Under the new law, the Postmaster of New York is restricted to $5,000 per annum, over and above expenses.

...Breaking up.—The St. Louis papers of the 8th inst. state, that Joseph D. Adams, formerly of Boston, and more recently of Philadelphia, committed suicide a few days before by drowning himself.

...The Steamer Caledonia.—Mitchell King, Esq., and other gentlemen connected with the Caledonia, from Liverpool, was the bearer of important despatches from our Minister at the Court of London. He proceeded to Washington immediately after his arrival here.

...James Booth, Esq., has been appointed by the Governor of Delaware, Chief Justice of the State, in the Hon. Richard H. Bayard, resigned. Capt. Lewis L. Lyons has been appointed Wreck Master for Sussex county.

...Hon. Francis Granger, now Postmaster General, resigned his seat in Congress, last Tuesday. In the extra session of Congress, Mr. Granger's district will be unrepresented, unless a law is passed providing for a special election.

...Resigned.—Hon. Levi Lincoln resigned his seat on Tuesday last as Governor of Massachusetts, to which he was last fall elected for two years. A new election, to fill the vacancy, will therefore be ordered immediately.

...McLeod's Trial.—We mentioned, last week that his trial would be postponed. It seems now that it will not be until the next regular session of the Supreme Court in the Niagara County Clerk in drawing the jury.

...Hon. Mr. Crittenden, U. S. Attorney General, and Clark Robinson, the new Marshal of the Western District, arrived in New York on Monday, and left on Tuesday for Detroit by the Lakes and Erie Canal.

...Mexico.—The government is in a most distracted condition. All the California provinces are in rebellion, and the Gulf provinces are little better, one of them having declared itself independent.

...Elected to Congress.—David Bennett, Esq., Whig, on Monday last, from the Kennebec District of Maine. This fills the place of Mr. Evans, elected to the United States Senate.

...General Scott reached Albany Tuesday week, on route to Lockport. He met with an accident on the way. In crossing the river on the ice he fell and severely bruised his hand.

...The English Post Office permits no person employed by the Government to keep a house for sale of confectionary liquors, under the penalty of forfeiting the office.

...The Fatal Duel at Alton, Ill. between Judge Smith and Mr. McConnel did not take place as the parties were arrested before they reached the ground.

...The Day of Fasting and Prayer in New Hampshire has been fixed by the Governor with advice of Council, for Thursday, the 15th of April next.

...Jacob Robinson, of Richmond, Va., and James H. Gholson, of Petersburg, have been appointed to the Judgeship created in that city.

...Legislation.—At the late session of the Massachusetts Legislature, 138 acts were passed, and 66 resolves.

...Hon. James S. Mayfield has been appointed to be Secretary of the State of Texas, vice the Hon. G. W. Terrell.

...A George Arthur was to have left Toronto last Saturday for England, by the way of the United States.

...George Chapin, Esq., has been recognized as Vice Consul of Spain for this port.

...The Fortifications or Farm will cost it is estimated $300,000,000.

General News.

...The Town of Stockbridge is noted for the manufacture of Shovels and Hoes. It receives the iron from Boston. There are very few families in town who are not engaged in the business. The females work in the rooms, and the males tend for indoor employment such of the latter. Smoking entirely the upper part of the boot. In the year 1837 there were 1,200,000 pairs of boots and shoes manufactured in Stoughton—valued at $497,200.

...Knot Hid to Death.—On Saturday last, at Annapolis, Md., two men named Edward Curtis, Collector of the Secretary of State, aged about 16 years, and the other son of Mr. Cotman, tailor in the Bank of Annapolis, were playing together, when the latter pulled up a gun without knowing it was loaded, and shot young Murray in the left side, literally blowing him to pieces. He died instantly after.

...A Philadelphia Schooner, name unknown, went up Jones's Creek, in the storm of Tuesday night last. She was loaded with coals. She had no hands on board, who, after severe and protracted suffering, succeeded in getting to the shore by means of a water cask, and by the lass all reached land, save one, who was drowned.

...Vessels Wrecked.—The Norfolk Beacon of Saturday mentions the wreck, on Wednesday last, on Tuesday night last, of the schooner United States, from Philadelphia to Petersburg—the crew were saved. Near about the same place, on the same night, the schr. Emily, from Nantucket, went ashore—crew and cargo saved. Vessel a total loss.

...Shipwreck.—The schr. Philip Dwyer, two days from New York, in ballast, bound for Norfolk, was driven ashore on Wednesday morning last, about six miles south of Cape Henry, in the gale and snow storm. She was full of water, but it was thought would be gotten off.

...The Horticulturists in England have entered into an agreement to forego for limited, among their fine species of the oak.

...A Chemical Establishment at Norwich, Conn. has lately been consumed by fire.

...Fire Worn in session at Baltimore. Not a load on the wharves last Friday.

...A Night Auction for the houseless poor is proposed in New York. Good.

...St. Patrick's Day was celebrated with much spirit in Washington.

...Not a Man but a Woman.—The New York Sun tells a long article about Miss Lucy Ann Young, in order to show that a Mr. Hewitt, a fine shoemaker of that city, had a person called John Pelsog in his employ for three years, who was an industrious, active man, for this he made him his partner in business. They boarded together for one year afterwards, and were married friends. Both lately were in a Coroner's inquest over a drowned man. Pelsog turned pale, and said it was one Lucy Ann Young, a servant of her mother's. Last June, one day a lady came into Hewitt's store and asked for Pelsog, and after some conversation, left the store. Soon after the same person and the drowned man had been her husband, and a shoemaker in Philadelphia—that he treated her badly, that she had left him, gone to New York in search of children, worked there, &c. On Tuesday week, Mr. Hewitt and Mr. Pelsog, alias Mrs. Pelsog became passengers in the

...Steamer *Live Yankee*, commanded by one of the French Encyclopedians, calculates that if the natural resources of the American Continent were fully developed, it would afford sustenance with three times the food required millions of inhabitants, a number five times as great as the entire population of the world—and would be the happy type of three or four centuries will exhibit it!

...Shocking State of Things.—The editors of the Cincinnati Gazette, speaking of the cholera that is fearfully raging, and on the morning of the 4th inst. there were 21 deaths, and long cement was made, and the dead carts were all engaged in carrying the corpses to the Telegraph.

...A Perilous Thing.—Two men were badly injured at Boston on Tuesday, while the Britannia was getting out. One, named Jenkinson, a teamster, said he a very inflammatory nature, with a family, had his leg broken in two places by the hawser, and another, whose name is Gill, had his foot badly crushed.

...Notice from Religious Establishment.—A benefactor named Mrs. Elizabeth Bonnell, of Newthorn, died with a razor and bled to death, in New York, on Thursday afternoon. She was an Irish woman, 29 years of age, and had grown insane under religious excitement.

...The Naval Appointment.—Foster Rhodes, the new Purser in the Navy, from the list of Naval Constructors, was Mr. Eckford's right hand man, and when that gentleman died at Constantinople, he was appointed executor of his will in place by the Sultan.

...A New Kind of Cannon has been invented by Mr. Michael Pearson, of Newburyport, Conn. It is capable of being fired with rapidity, and can be suspended of the common cannon, and by half the number of men usually required.

...Legion and Literature.—The Montezuma at their late meeting in Boston, III., have established an University, and a military corps, and prohibited the sale of whiskey in quantities less than a gallon, and of all other liquors in quantities less than a quart.

...Rail and Jail Breaking.—A riot in Lewis county, Ohio, lately occurred which ended in breaking down the jail and liberating 17 prisoners confined therein, who had been confined for murder, horse stealing, slaves, who had been confined in it, to wait an adjudication of their cases.

...Steamboat Burned.—Pilot Town, the 11th to the 16th March.

March 11,	steamer	from
C. P. Miller,	$200	John Armstrong, Esq.,
A. W. Mellon,	200	do.
A. W. Mellon,	200	do.
Mr. Williams,	200	do.
Mr. Watkins,	200	do.
Mr. Wilson,	200	do.
Mr. Brown,	200	do.
C. A. Hand,	200	do.
Mr. Wright,	200	do.
Mr. Wright,	200	do.
Mr. Wright

THE OLIO.

TUESDAY, THE 30TH OF MAY, 1865.

A Journal of Literature, Science, Art, Fashion, the Home and Humanity.

BY H. D. PLANT.

You tell me of a wonderful lever.
My own Arkwright, most wonderful lever!
Why cannot my fancy discover
The lever of love and how to make check?
Alas! if he broke that scabbard,
A venus, a heathen, a lover,
No land to your father and mother,
My own Aramintа, say 'No!'

If he wooes a top boot in his travelry,
If his cravat is you raising a web,
If he talks of his holding or heaving,
If his pats up his hair on the left side,
If he ever drinks pale ale or cheap sherry,
If he has lower or less breeding or love,
If he calls himself 'Thomas' or 'Richard,'
My own Aramintа, say 'No!'

If he studies the moon in the papers
Where you are preparing the tea,
If he hates of the Muses and Graces
Which moonlight has still on the sea,
If he ever prefers you to supper,
If he has not a damned 'Oh!'
If he does not call Victor Emanuel
My own Aramintа, say 'No!'

If he ever eats first in the city
Among the much-brothered and lives,
If he has not a heart full of pity,
If he don't stand six feet in his shoes,
If his lips are not redder than roses,
If his hands are not whiter than snow,
If he has not the model of mine,
My own Aramintа, say 'No!'

If he speaks of a tavern a tailor,
If he does not look grand on his horse,
If he's hired to a landscape or beauty,
Hills, valleys, maple, straw, mounted on the side
If he draws not an Amazon to scare,
If he likes not to hear me laugh or love,
If he knows not the Languages of Flowers,
My own Aramintа, say 'No!'

He must walk like a god of old story,
Come down from the house of his rest
He must smile, help and bless in the grove:
On the trade he loves ever the best:
And oh! from his every portal,
Never utter one soft speech must flow!
If he speak, smile, or walk like a mortal,
My own Aramintа, say 'No!'

Don't listen to tales of his beauty,
Don't hear what other men think of him,
Don't look at his seat in the country,
Don't calculate what he is worth,
But give him a thump a letter about, upon which
You can see if he turns out his toe;
If he's only an excellent person,
My own Aramintа, say 'No!'

NEWSPAPERS.—Mr. Jefferson, while a minister in France, wrote to his friend in this country, Col. E. Carrington: "Were it left me to decide, whether we should have a government without newspapers, or newspapers without a government, I should not hesitate a moment to choose the latter."

GENUINE CHARACTER.—A Spanish shoemaker, just at the close of the week, received a pair of shoes to be mended. He looked at his goat-skin and asked how much time was in the proposition. "Sufficient to last till Monday, Pierre." "Tell your master I can't mend those shoes till Tuesday."

A TELL-TALE ADVERTISER.—On Monday last a lady fell down near the Marlboro' Hotel, Boston, and left her card case in the street, containing three billet-doux, two unreceipted bills, and a pencil sketch of a distinguished clergyman.—There was no name on the case.

EGOTISTICAL.—My uncle was one of the Saints of the Constitution. He could quote the days of patriotism blood, to another of more plebeian origin. "Who cares for that?" quoth the latter, "My father was one of the framers of our new mowing house."

EMPHATIC YES.—The Post Office in this city is a perfect nest of old bachelors. There must be reform there. Ladies do you hear that?—*Rut. Star.*

Do you mean that it is full of *maids*?—*Boat. Trans.*

GOOD ADVICE.—If you cannot avoid a quarrel with a blockhead, let the world manage it rather than yourself. No man sweeps his own chimney, but employs a chimney sweeper, who has no objection to dirty work, because it is his trade.

GOOD.—Wanted, a lad nine years of age, who has a moral character established, as apprentice to the printing business.—*Northern Ex. Paper.*

He must be a very precocious genius who establishes any kind of a character at an age so early.

A NEW SOCIETY.—We learn that in Richmond, an "Anti-Scratching your neighbor's newspaper every day and then cheating the printer out of his honest-and-hard-earned dues Society," is about to be formed.

"A ROLLING STONE GATHERS NO MOSS."—A very doubtful adage. We have just seen, in a country paper, the marriage of Peter Rowlestone, of Hollidaysburg, Pa. to Miss Orpheila Morse.

A GOOD IDEA.—A dashing and fashionable widow up town, says she thinks of using some gentleman for a breach of promise, in order that the world may know she is at the market.

BELONGING TO SOCIETY.—A man planted his gun the other day instead of a wild plant, which he had picked up in the wood, and sent it home with. He never his mistake till it began to leave.

DILLINGS.—"Now, then, if you don't stop lolling your ears 'bouse, I'll tell the man on you!"

"By the bungs! you tell the man, and I'll lick you and the hame into!"

A HARD CUT.—The Standard says that mulberries are singular creatures; they resemble green wood, bush, while it is burning on one side, is very much on the other.

A RELISH.—Many families have owned their property in full so much by the property of family management as to the knowledge and activity of the father.

THE TALENTS YET.—The Old Dominion says there is a gentleman in Richmond who has grown so tall that he got clean out of the reach of his creditors.

LEARNED.—A Jew editor thus closes a flaming effort of eloquence and genius:—"Sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof," as Shakspeare says."

A LOAFER.—I feel lo lazy to work, said a loafer, and I have not time to play. I think I'll just go to bed, and so split a difference.

HERE HIM.—A Western paper heads an article, "*Disgraceful exhibition of drunkenness!*" There are more ways to the woods than one.

RECEIPT.—A wise girl would win a lover by practising those virtues which secure admiration when personal charms have failed.

HOW TRUE.—Marriage is a state of discord and concession; of passion and corruption—but to the virtuous it is a paradise on earth.

EXTRACT.—A good wife exhibits her love for her husband by trying to promote his welfare, and by administering to his comfort.

WEARING.—"I shall drop the subject," to the dentist said when he was caught robbing a grave.

LOST AMONG THE ROSE.—Whispering soft nonsense to a girl in a summer bower, of a moonlight night.

A TRUE SAYING.—A sensible wife looks for her enjoyment at home—a silly one abroad.

FIRST-RATE POLITICIAN.—Chaps we want to butter their bread, and to lay it on thick.

A French Professor—Genius.

In the morning, before he walked forth, old Chanvelle examined the state of the barometer which ornamented his garret; then talking by his cane and his watch-seal, he would say "Rain! rain and lightning!" or "Fine weather! under my rings wheels," or "The weather is stormy! We shall recover some cases of mental derangement!" or "Splendid!" and gayly, with a pleasant face, he would set forth to his observatory on the most perilous spot. A friend passing by courteously entreated him to take to his boots. Deaf, insensible of his advice drew his watch, and recorded minute by minute, the various stages of the storm. "Will you go?" roared again his friend. "Not I," replied the astronomer; "but since you are flying, have the goodness to leave this with my newspaper, and tell them I remain on the spot to send them the earliest report." And after, confusion was at its height. The two parties came to blows, the Municipal Guard fired, and a bullet struck Chanvelle. A surgeon happened to him. "You are wounded," said he. "I am," replied Donadieu, and severely too, for I cannot write." "This is an time for scribbling!" roughly observed the practitioner, "or must attend to your wound?" "My business," replied Donadieu, "is to relate the occurrence, and you need do this for me." Just write the following postscript! "Three o'clock, P. M. After a discharge of mortars made by the military, three wounded and one killed among the citizens." Has he ever received any presents from me?" "No," said they. The King then commanded rich presents to be sent to him. The time afterward, the King heard that this man was praising him. "Behold," said his Majesty, to his courtiers, "I had lost a friend if I had taken your advice, but now I have only lost an enemy and gained a friend."

Sicambrian's Reply.

Louis XIV. playing at tric-trac, disputed a throw with his opponent; the bystanders were appealed to, and could not decide the matter. It was referred to Grammont, who, from the farther end of the gallery, declared against the king.—"But, you have not heard the case," said Louis. "Ah! sire," replied the Count, "if your majesty had but a shadow of right, would these gentlemen have failed in deciding in your favor."

A Mother's Love.

There is no divine a holiness in the love of a mother, that, no matter how the tie that binds her to the child was formed, she becomes, as it were, sanctified and exalted; and the past is forgotten, and the world and its harsh verdicts swept away when that love alone is visible; and the God that watches over the little one looks as easily on the human deputy, in whose tenderness there breathes His own!

Too Much Truth.

A young lady lately married. "When I go to the theatre, I am very careless of my dress, as the audience are too attentive to the play to observe my wardrobe; but when I go to church, I am very particular in my outward appearance, as most people go there to see how their neighbors dress and depart themselves."

To Reporters.

Never employ your subscribers in its full extent; temper whatever is severe in it by an air of sweetness and good nature. Neither abuse the poor nor respect much your dignities and your offices. It will do you honor to adopt the exercise of your power to the circumstances and situation in which you are placed.

A Wag.

The Duchess of Marlborough was pressing the Duke to take a medicine, and with his usual warmth said, "I'll be hanged if it do not prove directly the best drug that ever was swallowed." "Do take it then, my Lord Duke, it must be of service in one way or the other."

Written for the Saturday Evening Post.

A Bystander's Recollections.

Come enter whilst the gun like taps
Of sunset glide soft down and fade,
Whilst night-birds hush their evening lays,
Come enter, come with me!

Come remember by the old arm-chair,
Where oft in youth we strayed—
The rustic mill down by the vale
Where happy hours we played.

Each sprouting flower and leafy grove,
Each wild bird's merry song—
The snowy skies that smile above
As pure as childhood's throng.

The echo of the cascade's voice,
The crystal-flowing rill,
The homestead of the woodman's choice
Where hermits' dreams glow.

The silence of the rock bound glen,
The perfume of the flowers,
The trembling light whether on the
That grace those haunted hours.

The deep towell murmurs from the hills,
Breathes forth their notes,
The rippling of the mountain rills
Strains sound which fairy give.

All, all in peace and happiness,
On every side in joy—
The existence of that quiet hour,
That cannot destroy.

Then come, my sister, leave the halls
Of mirth and revelry,
And whilst the starlight fairly falls,
Come, come with me.

Philadelphia, 1861. S. H.

From the Adventures of Valentine Vox.

A Serenade of Cats.

Imitated by a Ventriloquist.

There happened to be only four bed-rooms in the house; the best of course was occupied by Miss Madoune, the second by Pierrpiex, the third by Mr. Beagle, and the fourth by the servant; and into that in which Mr. Beagle slept, there were bedded-rooms, and Valentine had therefore to make his selection between the spare bed and the sofa. Between these two he was perplexed, and as the preference seemed highly satisfactory to Mr. Beagle himself, they passed the remainder of the night in company very pleasantly together, and in due time retired.

Valentine, on having the bed pointed out to him, decided between the sheets or the sofa in a minute, for as Mr. Jonas Beagle facetiously observed, he had but to shake himself, and every thing came off; when, as he did not by any means like the prospect of the taste, he fancied that he might as well amuse his companion for an hour or so as not. He, therefore, turned the thing seriously over in his mind, and finally decided unanimously, undoing, and then anxious for that certain to extinguish the light before he commenced operations.

"Now for a beautiful night's rest," observed Mr. Jonas Beagle to himself as he put out the light with a triumph mind, and turned in with a great deal of comfort.

"Mew!—mew!" cried Valentine, softly, throwing his voice under the bed of Mr. Beagle.

"Hish!—curse that cat!" cried Mr. Beagle, "I was just how you out at all events, my lady." And Mr. Beagle at once adopted one of her, and having opened the door cried "hish" again emphatically, and threw his breeches towards the spot as an additional inducement for the cat to "stand and deliver her prey," when Mr. Valentine repeated the cry, and strode it appear to proceed from the stairs. Mr. Beagle thanked heaven she was gone, closed the door, and very carefully grouped his way again into bed.

"Mew!—mew!—mew!" cried Valentine, just as Mr. Beagle had again comfortably composed himself.

"What! are you there still, madam?" enquired that gentleman in a highly sarcastic tone, "I thought you had been turned out, madam, I'm sure I saw the whole of it out!" he continued, addressing Valentine, with the view of comforting upon him the honorable action of Tyler for the last Hermitage.—Valentine felt in his own world confused not that world, the inner one, the practical one, with the more visible yet vivier and less refined senses, and therefore he was at a loss to obtain therefrom, what in the infinite space, the human heart lose no wings to fine. In life, the mind and circumstances give the true answers, and for the darkness and the darkness only. Of two men standing on the same foot of earth, the one revels in the joyous sense, the other shudders at the air. To the one, Hope and Fortune the day star is ever shining. The "Anarch Bachlederer" flies ever in the air. For Care and Penury, night changes not with the ticking of the clock, or the shadow on the dial. Morning for the heir, Night for the homeless, and God's eye on both!

Sundown.

"How many goosers are there?" asked a jaded master.

"Three, sir," promptly replied little blue eyes.

"What are they called?"

"Number one, feminine and neuter."

"Pray give me an example of each," said the Master.

"Why, you are masculine, because you are a man, and I am feminine, because I'm a girl"—

"Very well—proceed."

"And I don't know," said the little girl "but I reckon Mr. Jenkins is neuter, as he's an Old Bachelor!"

Merry Phillip.

The courtiers of King Philip, advised him to take vengeance against a man who had been slandering him. "Do you know," said his Majesty, "whether I have ever given him any cause for slandering me?" "I have not heard of it, sire." "Has he ever received any presents from me?" "No," said they. The King then commanded rich presents to be sent to him. Some